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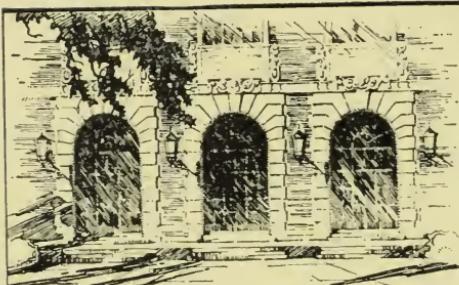
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Thomas J. McCarthy.

Lore of Old Galena: poems.

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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

LORE OF OLD GALENA



Joan Peacock

by
Thomas J. McCarthy
AUTHOR OF
"Rhythm of the River"

COVER DESIGN BY
JOAN PEACOCK BERNING
GALENA, ILLINOIS

HARBIN & HARBIN, GALENA, ILLINOIS

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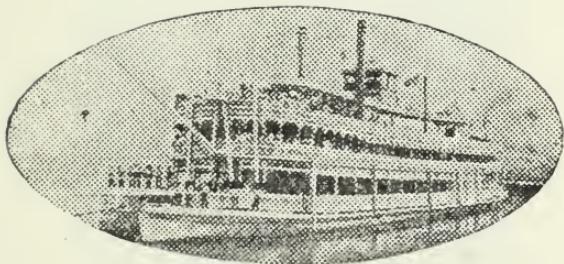
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Lore of Old Galena

By THOMAS J. McCARTHY



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THOMAS J. McCARTHY

DEDICATED TO
A FRIEND

A. M. D. G.



THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E

This little booklet of descriptive historical verse is based on facts and tales of the early days of this fabulous river town, Galena, Illinois, once the metropolis of the upper Mississippi River.

It covers the old town's beginning to the present day, and is a compilation of all the poems by this writer appearing in the booklet called "Rhythm of the River", published in 1942 (now out of print) with the addition of all later poems published to date.

These include "The Last Parade", "The Fairy on the Bridge" or how 'Shirt Tail Row' got its name, "Midnight Mass", "All around the Market House" and "When the Devil Took a hand" with a number of others.

With the many requests for all the poems in book form and the love and devotion of a native son for his town—its people, the river, the homes, the hills, the stores, the institutions, and above all its crooked old Main Street . . . we submit for your approval, this book—we hope you'll like it.

THOMAS J. McCARTHY.

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INTRODUCTION

This little book is not a jewel
From able scholar's pen;
It wouldn't pass inspection
In the ranks of lettered men.

The verses of the pages
Are no gems of poetry,—
Just lines set up in rhythm
Of the tales once told to me.

So, in memory of these pioneers
Of Galena's early times,
I offer you this humble pad
Of ancient river rhymes.

VISTA OF GLORIOUS PAST

You tourists who visit this quaint mining town,
Stop on the highway near old Horseshoe Mound,
Gaze off to your west on that fantastic scene
Where this old river town is a-sleeping serene.

Old storied churches and mansions and homes
Dot seven hills like the city of Rome;
Buildings and stores along the creek shore
Are relics of wealth back a century and more.

But saddest of all is the fate of the stream,
There once floated boats all powered by steam;
Through the hills echoed once their sonorous fog horn,
—All this was before Chicago was born.

Wild were the days this early town saw,
Ruled by the code of an unwritten law;
Hardy adventurers from far and from near,
Made up the town on this midwest frontier.

No wilder days the west ever knew,
With gambling and vice, and bad hombre too.
Disputes were not settled by course of the law,
They were settled by he who was first on the draw.

Yet amid these wild days lived honest men too;
Men of great honor, tried and found true.
The memory of these, of their deeds and their lives,
Are treasured so dear in the old town's archives.

Yes, such is the history made over her lead,
By men brave and bold, but now are long dead.
Yes, there lies the city so quiet and still,
Built upon romance, excitement and thrill.

OLD LA FEVRE

Oh, you mighty, old La Fevre!
Yea, true daughter of your dad;
Not the greatest of his offsprings,
None with history like you've had.

You'll live on and on forever,
Growing brighter with the years,
Kept alive with song and story
Filled with happiness and tears.

When your father, Mississippi,
Carried Father Pere Marquette,
Traveling south from swift Wisconsin,
You're the first child whom he met.

Perhaps he stopped to bless you,
To show his deep regard,
For you were a pretty river then
With "Toe Head"** standing guard.

The years passed by and trappers came,
For furs to hunt your shores,
Your wooded banks and palisades,
Soon echoed paddling oars.

Up near your forks, it wasn't long
Till trappers found your lead
Buried deep beneath your hills
In yellow pipe-clay bed.

The rush was on—the steamboats came
Your scenic course to ply,
Bringing men to desecrate
Your grounds, where treasure lie.

They built themselves a city great
Beneath a towering bluff;
A wharf upon your water front
Of timber hewed so rough.

*A SMALL WOODED ISLAND AT MOUTH OF THE LA FEVRE.

The city grew, more people came,
Your minerals were their aim;
Seeking out your hidden ore,
Which gave your port its name.

Your channels carried cargoes
Of heavy, gray pig lead,
Oft smelted into bullets,
Later found in border dead.

At times, the boats held parties,
Gay music flowed from bands;
And ladies decked with costly jewels,
All danced with Dapper Dans.

Their cabins once housed La Fayette,
And our country's greatest sons—
Lincoln, Grant, Jo Jefferson,
And the son of Hamilton.

You witnessed bold adventure,
And mishap on the beach,
And the dangers which you laughed at
When the packets raced your reach.

Oh, you were in your glory then!
This traffic cheered your heart;
You were known in old St. Louis,
As bonanza of the north.

But things are very much the same
With river or with man,
When other parts showed richer fields,
You were forced to show your hand.

Your beauty and your grandeur gone,
No scow floats on your crest,
But written in all memory
Is the stream that made the West.

OWNER OF THE LAND

Towering cliff and grassy hillside,
Rolling prairie, valley green,
Game abundant in the woodland,
Fish aplenty in each stream.

Sun and moon to light your pathway,
Caves to shelter you from rain;
Berries for your gaudy war paints,
Snow to track your winter game.

Lands once yours, Oh mighty leader!
Yours to traverse forth and back,
And to hold thus for your people,
Big Chief Black Hawk of the Sac!

But from foreign shores came people
Pale of face, from other climes;
Came to steal your hills and valleys,
Came to profit from your mines.

Yea, to rob you of your riches
Buried in the rocky bed,
And to drive you to the westward
With bullets of your native lead.

Never was a leader braver
With a red-skin warring band,
As you charged with spear and arrow
On the squatters of your land.

Warriors of cunning movements
Noted for their brav-e-ry,
Sure of aim with sharp-edged arrows,
Was each bold Pottawattamie.

Though you lost your cause in battle,
For your people and your home,
You left memories of bravery
In the hills you used to roam.

Trophies of your warlike weapons,
 Found today on pasture lot,
Are treasured by the white man's children
 Relics of your battles fought.

Though you've caused a lot of trouble,
 And cruel havoc once you've wrought,
Yet, your name will live history,
 O, Great Warrior, Black Hawk!



THE KING'S PRISONER

In this town called Galena
Named after the lead
Which was buried so deep,
In the earth's rocky bed.

Lived miners and rivermen,
All pioneers bold,
Rough in their manners,
With hearts of pure gold.

This was back in the year
Of eighteen, three, two,—
At the wharf was unloading
The Swan from St. Lou.

Her passengers light,
But the cargo was heavy,
There was no finer boat,
Ever docked at the levee.

With her hull painted green,
Her upper deck white,
Her stacks of maroon,
And her brass shining bright.

The wharf hands were staggering
'Neath box and 'neath sack,
For each load brought forward
A pig lead came back.

There big banjo torches
Lit up the night scene,
And flooded the docks
With a dull yellow beam.

It was Saturday night,
And the inns held their crowd,
With music and laughter
And men talking loud.

There were sly ladies too,
Who hadn't a care,
With paint on their faces,
And plumes in their hair.

The gamblers were busy,
The wheels of chance spun;
Near the cards on the table,
Oft' laid a big gun.

Oh, this is a strange story,
I know to be true;
For this was Galena,
In eighteen, three, two.

Then into a tavern
Came a man off the boat,
He was dressed in duck trousers,
Gray cap and tweed coat.

He was led by a negro boy,
On up to the desk,
As his dunnage was stacked
On the rack with the rest.

"A room with a bawth,"
Said the stranger, "Kind sir,
With southern exposure,
I would surely prefer."

The clerk at the desk,
Dismissed the young coon,
Spit out his sweet burley,
And missed the spittoon.

"We ain't got a bawth,
But the river's close by;
We all use the creek,
When the water is high."

The stranger's face glowed,
He resented this pun,
And he haughtily stated,
"Twas no time for fun."

Now, he wanted a room,
The best that they had.
He'd show this low fellow,
He wasn't a cad!

His commission was high
In the ranks of his King,
Why should he stand
For any such thing?

Was he not sent to bring back
A man named McPort,
To answer for treason
In His Majesty's court?

He'd been told of the dangers
His Majesty saw,
In a land like Galena,
A country so raw.

Yet, this didn't daunt him,
True soldier of court,
He'd bring back to England,
His prisoner McPort.

He accepted the room,
The clerk had called best,
And accompanied the colored boy
Aloft to find rest.

With a pitcher of water,
A bed, but poor light,
He got himself ready,
To bunk for the night.

Early next morning,
When all was so still,
He started on horseback
For Vinegar Hill.

'Twas there that he knew,
From a Tory report,
His quest would be ended
By capturing McPort.

How the ruse was accomplished
Was never found out,
When McPort, he was captured
By Sir Reginald Traut.

Came McPort to Galena,
Trapped like a mouse,
And was safely interned
At the old Union House.

He was placed under guards,
With their guns set half cock,
To await the next sailing
Of old Sparrow Hawk.

Next day through the Village
Old pioneers tell,
Came forty wild Irish
From Vinegar Hill.

All armed and mounted
They dashed through the town
To the house where their comrade
McPort was empound.

And these fighting Chieftains,
Of old Irish fame,
Released the King's Prisoner,
And rode home again.

The Hawk, with Sir Reggie,
Cleared port the next morn;
What the King didn't know
Could do him no harm.

THE SPIRITUAL PILOT

(The First Presbyterian Church)

On a bench above the river,
Tall and stately and supreme—
Aristocrat of early history
Oldest church along the stream.

You looked on the town in making;
Begun with huts of stone and tree,
By the miners and the trappers,
While you watched with dignity.

'Twas you who sighted, first the steamboat
With her barge of freight in tow;
Saw her dock upon the levee
At your feet on street below.

Panoramed there before you,
Good and evil, joy and tears,
Were all enacted there beneath you,
Way back in your early years.

You were calm, and you were patient,
Through those trying days of old,
But your mission was respected
By the gentle and the bold.

River men soon learned to love you,
Looked upon you with great pride;
Pilots coming up the river
Used your steeple as a guide.

The rise and fall of Old Galena,
And the fading of the stream,
Are all recorded in your ledger
As a great fantastic dream.

THE FLOOD

Strange indeed is this story sad,
But it happened, so I'm told,
In this town of old Galena,
In the river days of old.

'Twas a sultry summer evening,
Not a breath of air to spare,
And the people of the village,
Knew a storm was in the air.

Soon, the western sky grew darker,
Distant thunder rumbled low,
And the flashing of the lightning
Painted eastern sky aglow.

Light at first, there came a rainfall,
It so gently did begin.
Followed by a heavy downpour
Aided by a terrible wind.

This was nothing out of order,
Thunder storms they'd had before,
But this rain, it still kept pouring,
Slacked a bit, then rained some more.

Then the mighty old La Fevre,
Climbing high the bluff to meet,
Swung the steamboats from their moorings,
'Cross the levee's cobbled street.

And the river kept on rising,
And the rain kept up its pour,
So the boats upon the levee
Anchored each to warehouse door.

All the business streets were flooded,
Water rushed in every door,
And the merchants were all busy
Carrying goods to upper floor.

Then the rain let up its raining
And the sky cleared up, 'tis said,
All the stars came out to help them,
Through the wicked night ahead.

But the river still kept rising,
Rising faster now 'twould seem;
For the North was sending waters
From each rivulet and stream.

Punt and dory from the steamers
Through the streets soon plied around,
Giving aid to struggling workers,
Carrying stock to higher ground.

While the townsfolk in excitement,
Rushed to gather treasure dear,
A voice in anguish low was screamirig,
Yet, with no one near to hear.

Oh, what terror in that fearful voice
Lost upon the roaring wave,
A Magdalene was praying
Asking God, her soul to save.

And the wailing of this damsel
Calling help—of little use,
Not a living soul could hear her
In that musty calaboose.

Oh, this lady of the evening,
Yea, 'twas just the day before,
She was picked up by an officer
Upon a dance hall floor.

Two river men were known to brawl
For the favor of her smile,
Just like the men in days of old,
In the valley of the Nile.

Yes, often then, as even now,
'Tis decided by the laws,
That when a fight for favor starts,
A woman is the cause.

So off to pay the penalty
Went the lady of the night,
To the old rock calaboose,
For causing men to fight.

In the early morning hours,
With the waters going down,
Some dullard mind recalled too late
The woman held impound.

They opened up the swollen doors
Of that stony dungeon cell,
And, amid the floatin furniture,
They found the dance hall belle.

The village, in her sorrow,
Failed to single out the blame,
The dead had no defense, you see,
And no one knew her name.

She was given decent burial,
While tears in eyes did fill,
As they laid her in the Potter's Field,
In those acres on the hill.

Old timers often argue 'bout
That old rock musty jail.
Some say it stands on Main Street
Just below the highway trail.

But if it stands near Spring Street
Or some other distant place,
'Tis a spot on town's escutcheon,
That she never can erase.

MAZZUCHELLI

Across the country, now Wisconsin,
Over prairie hill and creek,
On his horse rode Mazzuchelli
In the garb of Dominic.

Hunting not the mineral treasure
Or a claim for land to hold,
But on mission of his Master
To reclaim the drifting soul.

Well equipped for such adventure
Both in letter and in art;
Brave and daring and heroic,
But a priest of God at heart.

At the lead camp on La Fevre
Did this tired priest arrive;
'Twas July in old Galena—
Eighteen hundred thirty-five.

Horse and rider stood together
Resting from the summer heat
On a peak above the river,—
Today—north end of Prospect Street.

Scenic beauty must have pleased him,
As, in awe, he looked around;
In the south loomed wooded Pilot,
On the east stood Horseshoe Mound.

He'd not come to paint the beauty
Of the hills and river bold,
His was of another mission,
Bringing comfort to the soul.

Gathering scattered flock together
Was the task for him to do;
Starting in at Muddy Hollow
Travelling north toward the Slough.

Working hard among the miners,
How they welcomed him, it seemed,
Race or creed knew no distinction;
Loved by all along the stream.

He soon built a house of worship
On a lot beneath the bluff,
Made of wood cut on the hillsides
And of heavy stones so rough.

Lost by fire in the fifties,
Another started on its way.
Built with architectural grandeur
Old St. Michael's stands today.

All the townfolk loved this Latin,
And, in turn, he loved them all.
So, he left another treasure
By designing City Hall.

Well preserved are these two structures
Carefully planned by master hand;
One bespeaks laws of Creator
And the other, laws of man.

Noble deeds by Mazzuchelli,
And the good left in his wake
Were not confined to old Galena,
But some in fields outside her gate.

In a neighboring town called Benton,
After labor long and hard,
Passed the soul of this great scholar
To his Maker and reward.

And, in Benton's little churchyard
There, reposing near the gates,
Lies this saintly priest and builder,
Near the corner of three states.

Oh! If I were but a scholar,
What a picture I could paint
Of this black-robed Mazzuchelli,
Who will soon be named a saint.

THAT SUCKER HOLE

On yonder spot, on an east side lot,
 You'll find that cave today,
Where a miner burrowed in the hill
 In hopes he'd strike the pay.

With a small pole pick and a mucker's stick,*
 A jackhammer and a gad,
And a half a case of tallow glims,**
 Was all this miner had.

He started to drill in the side of the hill,
 As a loner will always do,
To sink'er straight, at any rate,
 To hoist, required two.

He tunneled in some twenty feet,
 And he laid a narrow track
With steel bound tub and a dumpy car
 He hauled the red clay back.

This claim he worked with might and main,
 With the grub stake growing low;
With not a trace of float in sight
 And three candles left to show.

So we worked and dreamed of riches great
 On the day he'd strike the ore;
He would not throw this stake away
 Like he did that time before.

He'd pay his debts, like a miner true,
 This time, and no mistake;
No gambling den or brothel pen
 Would fleece him of his take.

No sign of jack, or a crevice shown
 As he gouged the flinty lump;
Nothing showed for the labor done,
 But a yellow mining dump.

His courage fled—he was down to bed,
And she didn't show the pay;
So he lit the last small tallow stick,
And tried again, they say.

Then he tapped the roof and he gouged the wall
And the rocky floor around;
He listened close for a hollow note
In that chamber 'neath the ground.

Then flinging back his miner's pick,
He swung it wide and high,
And sank it in the chamber floor
Up to the handle eye.

A pocket! Sure enough he struck,
There in that loosened bog,
He pulled his pick, yes, there was lead,
In shining crystal cog.

He stuck his candle in the wall,
Then gouged around some more;
To his best mining knowledge,
There lay tons of paying ore.

With a sample in his pocket
And a song within his heart,
He backed out of that gopher hole,
—He'd won a second start.

Oh, the town seemed so much gayer,
And the sun set brighter still,
As he started 'cross the river,
From his diggings on the hill.

All these noble resolutions,
That his mind once did create,
All fled like dreams fantastic,
—He was out to celebrate.

In a noisy, dingy grog shop,
At the lower end of town,
He soon displayed his sample,
From that lonely hillside ground.

He bought a round of drinks for all,
With his credit number one;
Tomorrow to the smelter man
He'd peddle seven ton.

So, gathered round his erstwhile friends
To share his joyful news,
And to incidentally celebrate
With another round of booze.

He drank a while, then borrowed five,
And played the nearby games;
With a sucker's luck he beat the chuck,
Then bought for all the dames.

He dissipated through the night
Without a single care,
When morning came, he was sleeping sound,
Curled in a barroom chair.

Awakened by a colored boy,
He went off to claim his lead,
With a dozen tallow candles,
And a sore and dizzy head.

He crawled into that hillside cave
To the pocket in the floor;
By candle light, he grouped again
For his late discovered ore.

But that pocket in the crevice deep,
Between that "East and West,"
Was empty of its crystal lode,
Someone had robbed the nest.

He gouged and dug for days and nights,
Within that darkened hall,
But the little hillside diggins,
Had paid out once for all.

For that one night's celebration,
For carousal's merry tunes,
They say he paid the fiddler's bill
By cleaning out spittoons.

THE MINING ENGINEER

This little tale, I'll now commence,
Of a man sent out by the Government.

A surveyor he, with clear cool head,
To make report of Galena lead.

This young engineer and his little band
Travelled for days, coming overland.

He established headquarters at a local inn,
Then about his task he did begin.

He mapped the country all around,
Hill and hollow and rocky ground.

At times, as he did mark this land,
Disputes arouse with Blackhawk's band.

Often guns were brought to play
When flinty arrows flew their way.

So, over near Wiota way,
He built a post, old timers say.

Stocked with powder, men and guns,
To protect them from the Red Injuns.

The spot is marked, I think by some
Who claim it was called Hamilton.

Soon after this his maps were sent
Completed, to the Government.

But this engineer was full of hopes
So he stayed to prospect on the slopes.

He opened up a vein or more
Which paid out fairly well in ore.

All this worked well till forty-eight
When gold was found in a western state.

'Twas a river captain, I am told
First spoke of California's gold.

The town went wild with the news thus brought
And with some, the lead was soon forgot.

Lead lay deep in this bright land,
But gold was mined with a frying pan.

And the fever struck young Hamilton,—
He had late reports from Washington.

He organized a little band
And started for the promised land.

With mining men from the town's best rank,
And a colored man from the Hempstead Bank.

Carrying supplies of the very best,
In covered wagon, they started west.

And waving farewell to all they'd meet,
They took the trail, out Franklin Street.

'Twas the last was heard of this caravan,
Not one came back but the colored man.

This story is not in printed book,
It is handed down by the colored cook.

The party arrived on the western shore.
Tired and weary, sick and sore.

They staked no claim in rich creek bed,
Because there were others there ahead.

The party broke up the following day,
And each of its members went his way.

Some staked a claim on uncertain ground,
Some panned small streams close to the town.

At Sacramento, this story goes,
Was found the cook, at a restaurant stove.

With meals well cooked, and tasties sweet,
The restaurant soon proved hard to beat.

One day came a note to this colored son,
Of the dying condition of Hamilton.

With fever high—he was growing worse.
He was calling for Barney to be his nurse.

Then Barney knew that his job was done,
But he was anxious to serve young Hamilton.

So he dropped his spoon in the batter pan,
And hurried off to the dying man.

Over a bakery, he found the room,
And he saw he hadn't come too soon.

It's lonesome, indeed, when you come to die,
And your mind reverts to the family tie.

He spoke of his mother, this engineer,
And all the folks he held so dear.

Of his father's death; how it did occur,
When he fought the duel with Aaron Burr.

Then Barney knew this man was great,
Dying there in a western state.

Too far from family to locate,
And only Barney knew his fate.

And so ended Hamilton's career,
Galena's mining engineer.

Buried with all honors grand,
That Barney had at his command.

So he marked a shingle, date and day,
That Colonel William passed away.

The shingle told, he was the son
Of the noble statesman, Hamilton.

He placed the shingle 'neath the mound,
And covered it with new made ground.

Then counted paces to the gate,
I think the number, it was eight.

He saw, as he left the graveyard site,
The path was left and the grave was right.

Now this occurred in fifty-two,
From all accounts the tale is true.

The surveyor sent from Washington,
Was the son of statesman Hamilton.

THE OLD GRACE CHURCH

Stately and solemn, like grandfather's clock,
Calm and secure in her niche in the rock,
Stolidly standing since town was begun,
Recording its history for peoples to come.
THE OLD GRACE CHURCH.

Proud of the part she has played through the years,
Sharing the joys and comforting tears,
Regally posed in green foliage gown,
Like a guardian true, holding watch o'er the town.
THE OLD GRACE CHURCH.

With an old organ priceless, she treasures it dear,
Attracting the tourists from far and from near;
Beautiful windows of Old Belgium strain,
Filtering the sun light, forbidding the rain,
THE OLD GRACE CHURCH.

And her great altar built of old native wood,
Artistically carved as a true Gronner would.
Yes, the Old English Bible, she treasures that, too,
Some print may be dimmed but to her always new,
THE OLD GRACE CHURCH.

Dreaming of great men who once worshipped there,
Still guiding her flock with motherly care,
There on the hill side calling to all
She's standing today in her niche in the wall.
THE OLD GRACE CHURCH.

RIVER ROMANCE (Dedicated to My Dad)

I sat beneath his cottage roof
When I was just a child,
And heard his great fantastic tales,
Of the river days so wild.

Oh, how my interest was absorbed
In ancient steamboat lore,
As I nestled close beside him
And begged for more and more.

He told me how the river once
Was lined with boat and barge;
Side wheeler and stern wheeler,
Both steamers small and large.

The Itaska, Minnesota,
And Ben Campbell, he'd recall,
The Sparrow Hawk, War Eagle,
And the packet, old St. Paul.

Of the Northern Light, and many more
Good steamers would I hear,
And how the boat, Gray Eagle
Crashed upon Rock Island's pier.

He spoke of many captains brave,
Of pilots, mates and crew,
Of tough deckhands, and roustabouts,
And the things they used to do.

I heard stories of the gambler
In his fancy vest and tie,
And how he ran a little poker room,
Himself, in days gone by.

How he trooped the Gulf Coast cities
As a minstrel, in his teens,
And played Tony Pastor's theatre
A week in New Orleans.

Then he spoke of daring rafting days,
And the fear of river swells;
The rapids of Wisconsin
And the Narrows of The Dells.

The racing of raft pilots,
And the chances they would take;
To be first at the sawmill,
Would mean an extra stake.

How the folk songs of the darkies,
As they carried off the freight,
Could be heard above the cursing
Of a roaring second mate.

Again, he'd speak of races,
How that would interest me!
He could tell about that famous dash
Of the Natchez and the Lee.

He told me of old Vicksburg;
How that river fort was made.
For he was running transports,
When they passed that tight blockade.

Yes, he knew the southern waters,
And he knew the northern main,
And how quick the Mississippi
Could make a channel change.

How, when stately "Knob" was sighted
From the steamer's pilot house,
The river crew grew happy,
They were nearing Fevre's mouth.

And Galena's own brave rivermen,
They never knew a a fear,
Those men from Spring and South Street,
And that noble street called Gear.

The river man who told these tales,
Fantastic, bold but true,
Was called long since to his reward,
So I pass them on to you.

Few steamboat men are left today,
And the Fevre's lost her thrill,
But still she makes the headlines
With the waters she can spill.

THE OLD DE SOTO HOUSE

Old and historic, famed and renowned,
Steeped in the lore of a river port town;
And days of that glory still does she dream,
When boats were arriving from old New Orleans.

Sheltering the traveler off packet and freight,
Back in the days when Galena was great.
Six stories high and facing the bluff,
Those were the days when the levee was tough.

Of her list of great guests, how true she can boast,
To presidents once has she played happy host.
Yes, she harbored nobles and men of the state,
General and captain and bold river mate.

During campaign when election was nigh,
Once had spoke Lincoln from the balcony high;
'Twas there Grant's reception was planned out so grand,
With great men to shake this brave general's hand.

And often, it's true, on her great lobby floor,
Moved actors once great who now are no more.
And amid these same scenes, the guest to enchant,
Lurked gamblers of old with their sly game of chance.

Of her it is said with no idle boast,
To men of great fame, she acted as host;
With pride she can point to her chambers today,
Where heroes renowned have once "hit the hay."

LEGEND OF THE RIVER

Oh, this wonderful old lady
And her story, I'll not hide;
She was part of old Galena—
That historic old East Side.

A dainty little creature,
In starchy tuck and frill,
She lived beside the graveyard
At the top of Stabal Hill.

The old St. Louis Gardens
Were just across the way;
She'd hear rivermen abrawling,
When they came to spend their pay.

She could tell you many stories
Of their rough and ready ways,
She'd often say "God bless us!
But them were terrible days."

She would keep the folks awakened
When she sat up at a wake,
With tales of daring river days,
You'd laugh until you'd shake.

She attended every funeral,
To her it was a treat;
And according to all custom,
Had a privileged carriage seat .

With her gayness and her laughter,
There a hidden sorrow lie;
At times you could detect it
In that true Roscommon eye.

She didn't tell this story,
But the tale all went the round,
It was the sad, sad story, how
Her Jimmie boy had drowned.

He was just a little school boy,
I heard the neighbors say,
When he went to see his father
On the river raft, that day.

He wanted a new school book
For he'd passed with ratings high,
And he'd come to ask his father
A brand new book to buy.

His father stroked his little head,
Said: "Jimmy boy, that's grand!
When I get through, we'll buy the book,
Be ready close at hand."

The raftsman turned onto his work,
Of breaking up the boom,
While Jimmie, waiting anxiously,
The while he hummed a tune.

It seemed not many minutes
When someone called, "What's that!"
For there beside the after raft
Was floating Jimmie's hat.

The boy was lost forever
In that swiftly whirling hole,
And the mighty old La Fevre
Had claimed its youthful toll.

The raftsman in his anguish,
His sorrow and his fright,
Said he, "Oh, God direct me!
What shall I tell the wife?"

Up the hill, along the cow path
To where his cottage sat,
He started home that evening,
Carrying little Jimmie's hat.

What would he tell this woman,
She was standing by the gate.
No need for explanation now
The hat spoke Jimmie's fate.

Oh, the neighbors on the hillsides,
And the neighbors in the dales,
Soon found out what had happened,
By the mother's screaming wails.

And the wrath and malediction
Hurled upon that pilot's head,
And upon the old La Fevre,
Almost woke the graveyard dead.

And at last the poor old raftsman
Defeated and distressed,
Left the hills of old Galena,
For the mountains of the West.

He was never heard of after,
Yet there was a story ran,
That he was driving stage coach
On the trail near old Cheyenne.

But this shrewd little lady—
She was a widow now,
Raised four remaining children,
With her garden, geese and cow.

Oh, her hatred of that river,
She couldn't bear its sight!
She swore vengeance on the water
That took poor Jimmie's life.

'Twas then the great La Fevre
Was a mighty stream, they say,
But after stealing little Jimmie
She began to fade away.

And the locks down at the cutoff
Built to hold her stage of yore,
Failed to stop her falling,
And the steamboats came no more.

This course, that carried packets
And freights from New Orleans,—
Oh, the glory of her past has gone,—
Today she's but a stream.

Now, there is a river legend
Believed by some, indeed,
That 'twas the sting of Madam's wrath
Caused the Fevre to recede.

And as for the dear old lady,
She's long since laid away,
In the East side graveyard,
Where her children used to play.

In St. Michael's, near the city line,
There she's lying, I am told,
'Twas once her old potatoe patch,—
God rest poor Madam's soul!



TERRACE SPLENDOR

From the crest of the hill* to the river below,
On chiseled out streets, running parallel so;
Crossing and crossing, yet higher each one,
Like steps that were running up high to the sun.
Scenic with shrubbery that nature has cast,
Sit dwellings abasking in glorious past.

On this hill once resided the wealth of the state,
In manor and mansion and homes up to date.
With gardens and vineyards on high terraced wall,
With coaches and coachmen, in livery and all.
A butler, a doorman and a man of the barns,
With grand ladies' maids in their neat uniforms.

Yes, the slope could tell tales of a wealthier day,
Of gentlemen great and the gentlemen gay.
Of the feasts that were spread for noblemen guests,
And men of importance, long now at rest.
Ah, 'tis but a glimpse of the lore of the hill,
And the days when La Fevre was more than a rill

*QUALITY HILL



AND THEY CALLED IT THE PATCH

There's where he squatted long, long ago
Where the river makes a swing;
He built his cabin of white oak slabs
Up close to a bubbling spring.

He gouged the hills and dales close by,
And the slope behind his home,
But he finally staked a mining claim
On the ridge of old "Back Bone."

He wasn't a miner by right of trade,
For this line he was no match,
But he'd turned many a spoon of clay
In a Galway "praty patch."

With the anchor* on his shoulder
And a muck stick** 'neath his arm,
He tried his luck at mining lead—
"Sure it could do no harm."

He started not like miners do,
By sinking deep a shaft;
But he started in to dig a trench
That ran from fore to aft.

He wormed across that rock ridge,
Like a gray mole through a mound,
They say it was a fancy sight
To see that Mick throw ground.

He had no plans or mining map,
He had no book of rules,
But with anchor and with muck stick,
He was well equipped with tools.

So he worked away in his trenches deep.
Like no mine was worked before.
Till he found a piece of surface float,
Known as the sucker's ore.

And digging on, this Celt found more,
All scattered there, it lay,
Like a little Eldorado strike
Did this float turn out in pay.

Back to Ireland, in some mystic way
This news went with dispatch,
And on that section where the river swings,
The Irish built "The Patch."



THE LEATHER CLERK

One day, on a boat from St. Louis,
Came a man, not hunting the ore.
He had come to the town of Galena
To clerk in a large leather store.

With wife, his four children and baggage,
The little group stood on the wharf,
And all, in bewilderment wondered,
In just what direction to start.

This family caused little attention
From passengers just coming in.
The children in ill-fitting store clothes,
The woman in stiff crinoline.

Alas! the poor man, he was shabby,
And truly his spirit was low,
For had he not once been a captain
With Taylor in old Mexico.

And now, he was back where he started,
Back with the tan bark and hide.
To work in a store for his brothers,
Added naught to his soldierly pride.

So he rented a house on the hilltop,
And took up his task as a clerk,
In a building still standing on Main Street,
For his brothers, he started to work.

As a salesman of leather and harness
A failure he proved from the start,
It's hard to put life in a business
When in it, you haven't your heart.

One day with a crowd on the corner,
He was standing out front in the heat,
Listening intent to a speaker
Asking for votes on the street.

This speaker spoke of secession,
"And dividing the Union," he said,
If they voted for him as their leader,
He'd keep the states under one head.

The clerk had no thoughts for elections;
Like leather, it wasn't his line,
But he did place some stock in the speaker
And believed what he said at the time.

Time wore away then, as was usual,
With the clerk blundering through as he went,
The political man on the corner,
Had become the next president.

Constitution, secession and slavery,
Were words echoed now through the land;
'Twas clear in the minds of the people,
That civil war sure was at hand.

An order for war was soon issued,
And signed by the President's pen;
This town in the hills became busy
Gathering up volunteer men.

From the Levee, The Patch, and the Brickyards,
The Hollow, The Row and The Hill,
From School Section, too, and fighting Cold Slough,
Came boys to the ranks they would fill.

'Twas the Washburne green lawn where they
gathered.
With this ex-army Captain to drill,
For the man who was named to command them,
Was the leather-store clerk from the hill.

The new railroad carried the soldiers
In their first chartered car, up to date,
While the crowds cheered the boys in departing
To offer their service to state.

Later followed this man who had drilled them,
Leaving counter, and family and hearth,
Although he had voted for Douglass,
He was ready to fight for the North.

I will ask that you now turn to history,
The story's been told o'er and o'er,
How the great man who led the north armies,
Was the clerk from the leather-goods store.

To clear up this tale of a hero,
Who made old Galena renowned,
He moved with his kids and the family
To the White House in Washington town.

And of this little town on La Fevre,
Whose beauty the world will enchant,
By the nation is called so endearing
The old home of President Grant.



THE RACE ON THE ICE

They gathered along that measured mile
On the reach of the frozen stream,
This jolly crowd of sporting men,
To watch a racing team.

They didn't mind the snow-bound shores,
Or the cold wind's biting stings;
These horsemen came from far and near
To enjoy the sport of Kings.

Two trotter studs with sharp point shoes
All groomed down slick and nice,
Were about to write on history's page
That famed race on the ice.

Brashaw Campbell, a gallant stud,
Dark brown, yea, almost black,
An aristocrat of high bred speed,
Was first out on the track.

They brought him down to the judges' stand,
And his sharp shoes gouged the ice;
He was full of pep, secure of step
And the odds went down in price.

A shout went up from the crowd on shore,
But the horse paid little heed,
As they cheered, the driver Edwards,
The proud owner of the steed.

This Dutch Boy was a fine horse too,
But in color, lighter brown,
Owned and driven by McCarthy,
A horseman of renown.

They paraded round a time or two,
Each pulled a two-wheeled cart,
Then lined up at the judges' stand
To await the signal start.

No finer team was matched before,
By sportsmen for a price,
Than these two handsome stallions,
For that race upon the ice.

The crowd then stopped the cheering,
And the silence seemed so long,
As they waited for the racing judge
To sound the starting gong.

At last there rang out loud and clear
The tap of the starter's bell;
It echoed o'er the icy deep,
Rang out in woods and dell.

Then some sportsman started shouting
"Brashaw Campbell's leading nice,
With his ease and true composure,
He's a safe bet on the ice."

And old Dutch Boy brave and sturdy,
With a shade the worse in weight,
Had not all the self-assurance
On the ice, as did his mate.

Bets were heavy on these trotters,
And when Dutch Boy showed no gains,
Shouts were heard along the Fevre,
And some called him dirty names.

Brashaw Campbell held position,
Backers cheered till they were hoarse;
He was showing them his swiftest stride
O'er that icy ribbon course.

Oh! the shouting and the cheering
And excitement held the reign,
Then some sportsman called out quickly
That Dutch Boy'd commenced to gain!

They were coming near the wire now
With Bashaw Campbell losing ground,
And the Dutch Boy taking up the slack,
Like a lanky Russian hound.

At last the wire hove into sight,
The crowd stood on their toes.
While the brilliant stallion Dutch Boy
Cleared the wire by a nose.

The grooms then placed a blanket
On each heated racer's back,
And the sportsmen gathered closer
As they led them from the track.

The drivers, Dan and Richard,
Who were both old racing vets,
Shook hands and joked together,
While the bookies paid the bets.

Oh, that ice race of these trotters,
And their drivers, Dick and Dan,
Will never be forgotten
By the horsemen of the land.



KEEPER OF THE FILES

Recording the history as time marches on,
Bulging with dates of events past and gone;
Indexing files in row upon row,
Since the town was begun o'er a century ago.
Praising her heroes and all her brave sons,
But never a song of her own has she sung.

Back in the fifties with town at its best,
Her's was the voice of the early northwest;
Brave with her head lines when war was begun,
Defending the north when the south took up gun;
'Twas she told the world, with confident air,
That Grant would be placed in the President's Chair.

Colorful, great, has been her career,
Guided by men who hadn't fear;
Connected with names that time will renown,
A Huntington, Grimm, a Glessner and Brown;
What a treasure of history, in type she has set,
That time honored journal—THE GALENA GAZETTE.



THE OLD EAST SIDE BURYING GROUND (Dedicated to P. S.)

Oft' in my childhood, those acres I'd roam,
Where no mortal dwelt, yet I felt not alone.
For the pines had a voice—they could sob, they could sigh,
And I felt they could talk, if they only half tried.
And the flutter of doves among the pine cone,
Assured me again that I wasn't alone.

The gravestones seemed friendly, yes, really they did,
Perhaps just enchanting to the mind of a kid.
Some standing, some fallen, like scattered ten pin,
Neglected, forgotten by kith and by kin.
Some with the brush hid their faces from view,
But I knew them all, to me none were new.

When I found "Little Tommy's" that day, I was sad
'Twas the grave of a wee fellow named Ladd;
These lines on the stone, I carefully read:
"The Grave of My Poor Little Tommy," it said.
Near the old sexton's shack leaned a stone, it is true,
Marked: "Bridget Gibbons, Age One Hundred and Two."

Another thin slab marked a hero to me—
'Twas a circus man's grave 'neath the big poplar tree.
The day I found that, with joy I did bound,
Yes, there was the marking so close to the ground;
The letters were small, just an imprint, that's all;
"Champion Acrobat," how well I recall.

The tramp from the Pest House, I knew his grave too,
Down in the brush where blue violets grew.
And the plot set aside for the poor cholera dead,
That's where the berries hung luscious and red.
The graves of the soldiers, I knew every one,
With little flags bleaching so white in the sun.

Some stones were enclosed with pickets of pine,
Such was the style back in that time.
Some stones were bounded with wrought iron fence,
Trailed by the wild grapes so large and so dense.
Then, looking majestic and towering so tall
Stood the shaft of Nick Dowling, commanding them all.

The old rustic stile, to my mind comes around,
With its steps going up and the steps going down.
And the old sunken barrels near the caretaker's place,
Where you drew stagnant water for flowers and vase;
The big winding path that led from the stile,
Past rusty old flower frames heaped in a pile.

All was so quiet, so calm and serene
Except when the blackbirds appeared on the scene.
Oh, that silence and calm in words I can't paint,
That mysterious peace o'er the grave of a saint.
For saints there were many at rest in that ground,
Who weathered the wiles of a tough river town.

Oh, this little picture I've tried hard to draw
Of the things that I felt and the things that I saw,
As I romped o'er the graves, as all of us did,
Way back in the days when only a kid.
Oh! these dead pioneers, who made history for us,
May God rest their souls while their bones turn to dust.

OLD MUDDY HOLLOW BREWERIES

Like a town within the city's bounds
Yet much a part from it,
Dwelt a colony of German folks
On the Muddy Hollow Creek.

Secure it was within itself,
This section seemed to thrive;
Built up by sturdy German men
And their thrifty, buxom wives.

They established soon their breweries there
Like all good Germans do,
And imported from the fatherland
Great masters of the brew.

Each pretty cottage 'long the stream
Had gardens, plants and trees,
And farther back against the hill,
Each claimed a hive of bees.

Across the old La Fevre
Their market lay so near,
For the town had sixty taverns then
To dispense their Lager Beer.

'Twas then these breweries thrived, indeed,
All the gardeners sold their hops,
And soon upon the creek was built
Two busy cooper shops.

Oh, that was a happy settlement
Back in eighteen fifty-nine
But the Hollow, like Galena too,
Has shown the scars of Time.

There stands today the evidence
On the muddy creek's high shore,
The brick and rock foundations,
Like an old ghost town of yore.

There, you'll find deep, cooling cellars
Master arched, remaining still,
On the banks of Muddy Hollow Creek
'Neath bluegrass covered hill.

THE TUMBLER

(Dedicated to M. M.)

A daring youth was Johnie McQuade,
Who left the old home town
With Fore Paugh's band when he pulled up stakes,
Down on the old show ground.
This McQuade, he was an acrobat,
And his fame is living yet.
He did the triple somersault
From the wire to the net.
His Act was known o'er nation wide,
For genius travels far;
He was quite at home on the trapeze ring
And on the horizontal bar.
In circus land, he was billed high,
Indeed his feat was rare;
He did the first performance
Of three tumbles in the air.
Often with success at hand
There comes a tale of woe;
For 'tis ever lurking near us
When it strikes, we never know.
Oh, they tell this sad true story
How this daring acrobat,
Once misjudged his distance
From the trapeze to the mat.
They brought him home, these circus men,
And with loving care, they laid
In the little east side grave yard
The remains of John McQuade.
Oh, how often I remember
When a circus came to town,
How the band and troupers, reverently
Paid homage at that mound.
Yea, you may not realize it,
But it's truth—the fact is sound;
The Country's Champion Tumbler
Lies at rest within your town.

TRAGEDY OF THE HILLS

This little tale of river days,
Gleaned from historic past,
Is not a pleasant narrative,
So I've placed it toward the last.

Bare facts was all I ever learned,
Or old timers would recall,
They dismiss the memory from their mind,
'Twas the same with one and all.

The records in the Court House show,
They'd tell me—every one—
How a man was hung on Porter's Mound
For a crime he hadn't done.

'Twas on the banks of Meekers shallow creek,
In a stone house on the slope,
With his wife lived Mr. Taylor,
The victim of the rope.

The story goes that Taylor once,
As you and I might do,
Took on an extra load of grog
And started for the "Slough."

Then he met up with a stranger,
And they drank till tongues were thick,
'Twas thus they reached the Taylor home,
On the banks of Meeker Creek.

Yes, it is the same old story,
It often happens now,
Two merry drunks had lost their wits
And soon commenced to row.

An argument was started,
Came a battle then and there,
Unsteady fists were swinging,
Mostly hitting empty air.

The frightened wife rebuked them,
As around the room they milled;
She tried at last to part them,
But in doing so was killed.

She was struck down with a poker,
A mean weapon of defense,
It was grabbed up by the brawlers,
When the battle did commence.

They were brought back to their senses,
These men in drunken strife;
Next morn each blamed the other
For the death of Taylor's wife.

The case was brought before the court
With the stranger on the stand;
He swore that Mrs. Taylor's death
Was caused by Taylor's hand.

Heartbroken and remorseful,
So all the records state,
Taylor took the blame that day
For the murder of his mate.

Throughout the crowded courtroom
The Judge's sentence rang—
"This prisoner here, called Taylor,
Pleads guilty—and must hang."

A scaffold made of heavy oak,
At the base of Porter's Mound,
Was erected by the sheriff,
Upon the Poorhouse ground.

The crowd was large upon that day,
Just a morbid-loving gang,
They were led by curiosity,
To see a felon hang.

The noose was placed around his neck,
And with hood, he couldn't see,
Then the trap was sprung,
And Taylor swung—into eternity.

Then all seemed still and lonesome,
Here and there was heard a sob,
Horseshoe Mound stood solemn witness,
As did her sister, Pilot Knob.

The crowd dispersed in silence,
All depressed with what they saw,
'Twas the first and only hanging,
By the town's official law.

Years after in Saint Louis,
A confession there was made
By a man who really did the deed
For which poor Taylor paid.



THE MEDICINE WELL

On the lower river landing,
There that ancient pump* was standing,
As it stood for years, one hundred,
On La Fevre's levee shore.

Since the Village there had placed it,
Noble men have often tasted
Of its cool refreshing waters,
In the river days of yore.

For its health, no well could beat it,
Coming from a spring beneath it;
Ever flowing in its freshness
Pouring from the ancient bluff.

Standing in that lower section
At the Main and Spring connection,
And the oldest river relic
Of the early days so rough.

There, old steamboat men would gather
Later years, there to palaver,
As they sat around on benches
And upon her wooden rails.

There, they spoke of bold adventure;
There as no one there to censure,
As they basked beneath the elder,
All retelling river tales.

As they quaffed the cooling waters,
They forgot rheumatic totters,
And their stiffened joints and muscles
Loosened up, they used to tell.

Be this either fact or fiction,
River men claimed with conviction
That by some great mystic power,
Medicine was in the well.

But today no old time stories
Are retold of river glories
'Round the pump upon the levee
For the cronies all are gone.

As this tale draws to the closing
May their souls find sweet reposing
And to their ever lasting memory
Do I dedicate this song.

*NOTE—THIS OLD RELIC, FOR YEARS KNOWN AS CASSERLY'S PUMP, WAS REMOVED SOME YEARS AGO TO NECESSITATE WIDENING MAIN STRET. HOWEVER, THIS SPRING BENEATH THE WALL STILL FLOWS.



THE FAIRY ON THE BRIDGE

'Twas on the ancient Fever once
A draw bridge spanned her flow,
It crossed this famous river
From the Levee to the Row.

It balanced on a center pier
And turned with mammoth key
In the hands of old Tom Callahan,
What a mighty man was he.

He wore a thick gray whisker,
For that was all the style,
And a finer hunk of manhood
Never came from Erin's Isle.

At night within his shanty
At the entrance of the Row,
He watched and turned the swinging bridge
When he heard a steamboat blow.

Now, a watchman's life is lonesome,
'Tis the same with yours or mine,
And between the steamboats' passing
It was hard to kill time.

So his thoughts went back to Ireland
Of her lakes and bogs and wells,
Of her rivers and her valleys
And her fairies and her dells.

Then he thought of all his neighbors
In their cabins white and low,
And wondered if the "Little Men"**
Had ever found the Row.

To be sure, this wasn't Ireland,
It was just an Irish Row
On the banks of this fine river
Where the steamboats come and go.

Now with Sullivan and Baxter
Mo-ran and Casser-ly
With Duggan and O'Meally
The fairies sure must be.

O'Neill and Gunn and Grainey
And with Golden and McCann,
He'd bet his job upon the bridge
They'd seen the locherman.**

Then he looked out of the window,
For he thought he'd heard a rig,
But underneath the sidewalk
There he found 'twas Gerlich's pig.

Dawn was growing on the river
Not a boat had passed that night,
Soon the Row would start for water
'Cross the bridge at morning light.

Then the "Young" tied at the levee,
Gave a whistle and a ring,
Tom loosed the east side fastenings
And ran out to turn the swing.

From out the little settlement
Where Irish all did dwell
Came the clank of Ryan lard pails
Bound for water at the well.

Then he loosed the west end irons,
And much to Tom's concern
They started for the water
Before the bridge would turn.

The little "Douglas" blew a blast
To follow up the rear,
And because she was a little boat
Could drop behind the pier.

This gave the Irish ample time
To fill their pails and run
All back again across the bridge,
—To the youngsters it was fun.

The big key was inserted then
Into the locker pan
And the mighty bridge began to turn
By the hands of Callahan.

A cry was heard out in the fog
As the east end left her shelf,
And there against the northern rail
Stood a little fairy elf.

He wore a pair of skin tight pants
In a shade of scarlet red,
A checkered shirt of black and white
And a green cap on his head.

'Twas the Locherman himself, thought Tom,
'Tis the little peoples' king
Who'd come to help him turn the key
To make the big bridge swing.

The bridge was now clear of the stream
The "Young" had whistled through,
And the "Douglas" had no trouble
Behind the pier, he knew.

So he easily swung her back in place
And praised the fairy man,
Who followed up the family
Of the noble Callahan.

He locked the west side sliding latch
And put away the key
And started for the eastern end
To see what he could see.

It was with fear and trembling,
For indeed it was a scare,
To find it was Tim Sullivan
In shirt and underwear.

Seems Tim was last to leave the Row
But he thought he'd take a chance,
When the "Douglas" whistled for the bridge
He forgot to grab his pants.

Few houses "mark" this settlement
But to history it lays claim
For the fairy on the bridge that morn
Gave "Shirt Tail Row" its name.

THE LOFTY DREAM

"A story of Shirt Tail Row"

In the little whitewashed cabin
Near the center of the row
'Side the fire in the kitchen stove
Sat Ann and Pat McDoe.

Not a word was passed between them,
They were each enaged in thought
As the kettle on the little stove
Boiled lower in the pot.

Then a whistle broke the silence
It scattered embers from the hearih
'Twas a steam boat on the levee
Maneuvering for a berth.

Ann gathered up her petticoats
And hastily shook the folds,
Then called aloud to Patrick
To trample out the coals.

"'Twas dreamin' that I was," said Ann
"My Patrick boy, astore,
I dreamed I were in heaven, man,
I walked right in the dour."

"Tut, woman dear, ye must be mad,
Sure heaven have no dour,
'Tis open space beant the clouds,
Where holy souls do soar."

"Then faith ye are mistaken Pat,
I say there is a dour.
I lifted up the hasp meself
And closed it fast once more."

"Now come me darlint Annie,
Then tell me if 'tis true,
Did ye find there anybody
From the neighborhood we knew?"

"There was ner' a one, proud Patrick,
And I walked from morn till night
Amoung them holy people
Who all wore robes of white.

"I looked for Nellie Reilly
That pious little soul,
Who ye buried just last Easter week,
With the March wind bitter cold.

"I didn't see a sight of her,
Nor Maggie Dolan's Roy,
Who studied for the priesthood once
But died when just a boy."

"I suppose ye found the Callahans,
Yer people were so good."

"No Patrick dear, they weren't there,
Nor was little Jimmie Wood."

"I thought I'd see good Jonnie Quin
—Felt sure that he would pass;
Or the holy little Father Bourke,
Who said the prayers so fast.

"But not a soul we ever knew,
Amoung English, Swede and Jew,
Italian, French and German,
And a Chinaman or two.

"I started out the way I came
But was stopped there on me right
And asked who I was seeking
In the heaven's glowing light.

"I shook wid fear, I tell ye Pat,
And I could scarce reply,
As I named eleven Irish folks,
Old friends who've long passed by.

"Then the voice said straight up to me face
As I hurried for the dour,
It said, 'You'll find the Irish mam,
Live on the seventh flour'."

Said Pat, "Yer right, 'tis there they are,
And there's where they belong,
The Bible says 'twas seven heights
The angles took St. John."

MIDNIGHT MASS (Dedicated to my mother)

You remember, don't you sister,
The Midnight Mass of Old.
When you and I were little girls,
And pretty, we were told.

We wore our father's woolen socks
'Neath heavy buckled shoes,
And Grandma's shawl and mother's cape
With funny dangle-dos.

I wore a tam-o-shanter
You wore a pussy hood,
We each had home knit mittens on
— Agift from Mary Wood.

Then Pa would light the lantern
And Mother'd take our hand
As we'd sally through the snowy night
—A happy little band.

We didn't mind the cold one bit,
Somehow we all felt warm
We were going to the Midnight Mass
On the night the Babe was born.

Although the night was dark, indeed
And the gas lamps shed poor light
But the world was full of light to us
Upon that snowy night.

And when we'd hear those cringing steps
We knew were not our own
We'd see another little band,
By lantern leaving home.

Then all ravines lit up it seemed
—Each family bore a light
And hills and valleys came ablaze
With glowing lantern light.

The steps upon the snow grew loud
All lights poured into one,
And Father put our lantern out
Before the bell was rung.

Oh, can you remember, sis?
'Twas such a goodly sight
The people came from everywhere
Upon that holy night.

When we climbed St. Michael's limestone steps
The choir seemed to say—
Gloria—Oh—Gloria—
A king was born today.

Oh, I know you will remember, sis
In your prayers at Mass tonight,
The folks who came to Midnight Mass,
By yellow lantern light.

WHEN THE DEVIL TOOK A HAND

A story like this
Is hard to conceive
But it happened, they say
One October eve.

Way back in Galena
A century or more,
About eighteen hundred
And thirty four.

The town was wild
And rough, 'tis said,
When miners flocked
To hunt for lead.

But some came not
For minings sake,
But to fleece the rest
Of their mineral take.

Among the latter
Was a Samuel Haynes
With a St. Louis wife,
Of dance hall fame.

Haynes was a gambler
The story had ran,
He made his living
With a poker han'.

He always carried
An ace or two,
And often switched
When a card he drew.

'Twas often he lost
When the pot was small,
When the pot grew large
He retrieved it all.

His wife was pretty,
So tall and fair,
With a head of beautiful
Auburn hair.

She was seldom seen
On the levee street,
The friends were few
Whom she chanced to meet.

A jealous man
Was this Mr. Haynes
And upon his wife
He held tight reins.

'Twas claimed when Haynes
Came home at night,
There followed often
A family fight.

They lived in a cabin
Just south of town
And east of the river
Near the old show groun'.

It was rumored by
Some of the grog shop lords,
Haynes feared she'd tell
How he marked the cards.

So he laid the law
She must obey,
To stay at home
Each night and day.

And never with
Her neighbors mix,
For fear she'd speak
Of his slick card trick.

That this was hard
You know it's true,
For a lonely woman
Like her to do.

Like a curious child
She would venture out,
To see the village
And things about.

One day she met
A friend or two,
Who had known her
Back in Old St. Lou.

For old time sake
They stood the streets
Then reminisised
Of Market Street.

All the taverns
That day they made,
Including the one,
Where her husband played.

Haynes saw this
With a fearful eye,
As the three walked in
And ordered rye.

The chips on the table
Were stacked up grand,
When Haynes himself
Had called the hand.

One held a pair
As did his mate,
The other a flush
And Haynes a straight.

The man with the flush
Raked in the pot,
Poor Haynes felt weak
As his face grew hot.

Now this seemed jinks
To Haynes 'twas said,
And he blamed it all
On the fair red head.

Woe to the wife
At home that night,
For the pair commenced
To quarrel and fight.

Neighbors who peeped
Thru the window light,
Saw a man enter
That family fight.

This man they'd
Never seen before,
And how could he
Enter a bolted door?

As they watched the gambler
His poor wife thrash,
They saw the stranger
Produce a lash.

He whipped them both
With a cutting string,
Like a trainer man,
In a circus ring.

Round the table
And around the chair
Most cruelly did
He beat that pair.

Then all of a sudden
Like a flash of light,
Did that stranger fade
From the neighbors sight.

Haynes and his wife
Lay stiff and sore,
Sick and frightened
On the kitchen floor.

The neighbors also
Were awed with fright,
For they swore the Devil
Had joined the fight.

He had told himself
In his home below,
He allowed no body
To steal his show.

The time was ripe
The old boy felt,
So he lashed the two
With his girdle belt.

When morning came
They both were seen
Taking a boat
At the foot of Green.

Haynes was a wreck
From his night of fright,
And the auburn hair
Of his wife was white.

And those who looked
Through the cabin door
Found cloven hoof marks
Charred the floor.

Now this strange tale
Of an early day,
Is true or false,
But who's to say.

THE BROKEN LINK

This is just a recollection,
And a history in connection
Of a span across the Fever,
At a street the town calls Green.

Since her early day construction,
She has had some interruption,
And was lifed off her moorings,
By a wicked whirling stream.

Piers of limestone block creation,
Built on solid rock foundation,
And a channel deep beneath her
Measuring thirty feet or more.

Quite unlike the Spring Street Classic
Never swung for river traffic,
But a bridge of some importance
Joining West and Eastern shore.

There's been great men of our nation
On their way to railroad station
Or in long parades have traveled
Ore' her planks of yellow pine.

Racks of fatted hogs and cattle,
Often made her braces rattle.
As did Ringling Brothers' wagons
When they crossed this bridge one time.

But her test of great endurance
We can say with some assurance
Was the day the General's statue,
Was uncovered to the sun.

She never was neglected
And was always well protected,
By the nobel railroad watchmen,
From Brian to Jonny Gunn.

On her East side rusty railings,
There perched men of many failings,
In the early evening hours,
Where they watched the passing freight.

We were often found among 'em,
From the time we were a young 'un
And we never knew for certain
Just who were the "Lazy Eight."

Progress always brings great changes
As is spreads a bit and ranges.
And the things we think we can't endure,
Are often shallow fears.

But now that we have lost her,
Thank God we've often crossed her
Crossed that old historic structure,
Resting on her ancient pier.



THE LAST PARADE

(Dedicated to the Memory of Old
Irish America Benevolent Society)

From a little hall on Franklin Street
There floated thru the air
The sound of Irish melodies
'Twas heard most everywhere.

'Twas wafted o'er Galena hills,
Such music had no match,
'Twas heard with joy in Irish homes
From Riley's to "The Patch."

A gala day was coming soon
Yes, very close at hand
When the Irish would parade the streets
Led by a German Band.

This was not Strauss or Wagner
—The music that they made,
But lively Irish marching tunes
For St. Patrick's Day parade.

So the maestro, Mr. Schreiner,
In his little hall upstairs
Had gathered up his little band
To practice Irish airs.

The great day did arrive at last
For the nobel I. A. B.'s
Their hall was opened all day long
—They had no use for keys.

From all corners of the old lead town
The Irish flocked, they say,
To a point on Bench and Franklin Street
Where the parade would start away.

Each donned frock coat and high plumed hat
And with green sash all array
Indeed, it was a pretty sight
Upon the great Saint's day.

The Schreniner band struck up the air
And they all fell into line
This noble band of marching men
With steps in perfect time.

To the breeze unfurls old Erin's flag
With a harp of brilliant gold.
'Twas carried by Dwyer,
A true member of the fold.

Fitzgerald was hard to recognize,
That marshal of the day,
As he rode astride the old white horse
He used upon the dray.

Next came Hart and Harney,
Hats and sashes looking grand
They rode abreast on big grey mares
Behind the German band.

There was Cresswell and Conoughy
A Byrnes and Cloran, too,
McLaughlin, McColdreck,
A Carroll and Donahue.

A Gallagher, a Corcoran,
A Rockford Ward and Clune,
And the Dorans near the Pottery,
All marched to Irish tune.

And Birmingham and Cottenham,
A Tressland and a Rowe,
A Logan, and a Hogan,
With a Mohan and Kehce.

Some say that there were Callahans,
Curley, Gaffney and Moore,
A Gleason, a Sullivan,
A Slattery and a Dure.

And McMahon and a Rodgers
Fury, Leader and a Brown,
And Dowling, Dooling, Dolin,
From upper end of town.

Cummings, Berry, and Mohoney
Crowley, Gunn, and Shay,
With a Tracy and a Cavey,
All on parade that day.

There was Healy and a Feeley,
O'Halleran and McNeil,
With Casserly, McManus,
And McNulty and O'Neil.

A Beaton and a Keaton
Brehaney and O'Bryne,
Cleary and O'Leary,
They all were in that line.

A Meehan, and a Feehan,
A Sheehan and McLear
And Coveny and O'Shaughnessy,
Marched so proud, I hear.

McDermott, and McCafferty,
McDonald and McCloud,
A Norten and a Martin,
An Ivory and McDowd.

Madigan and Brannigan,
Dillen, Fitz, Mulhall,
McMullen, Woods and Furlong
Smith, Fleming and McCall.

A Dorman, a Gorman,
Powers, Tobin and McCabe,
A Donnelly and Connelly,
With Burke and Dempsey on parade.

All started south on Bench Street
In regalia slick and clean,
All marching to the lively tune
Of "Wearing of the Green."

Such a body of true warriors,
All Irish to the core,
You should see them doff the high plumed hats
As they passed St. Michael's door.

They turned north upon the levee
And up that cobbled street
You could hear their marching footsteps
Keeping time with every beat.

And the colleens, wives and sweethearts,
With green ribbons in their hair,
Would wave a joyous greeting
Along that thoroughfare.

Here and there a banner welcomed
Placed by friends of other race
But no flag of yellow color
Dared to flaunt them in the face.

When they entered unpaved Main Street
Always muddy then, they say,
They marched like chieftians through it
While the band played "Patrick's Day."

The names of all these Irish lads
Cannot all be recalled,
For history leaves no record
Of this clan at all, at all.

But 'tis said that there were Murphys,
A Grady and McGinn,
A Harrington, a Galvin
A Flanigan and Flynn.

And Dunnigan and Dugan,
MacCarthy and McHugh
A Reiley and a Guiley
And a Shannon—one or two.

There was Jennings and McGuire,
Collins, Kennedy and Quirk,
Who trailed along with Quigley,
McCaughy and McGuirk.

McPhillips marched, as did O'Toole,
Hanneberry, Hines and Troy,
Carey, Jackson and McCormick,
With Reardon and Malloy.

Now the Lynches and the Walshes
And the Mormans from the Kiln,
With a Levins and a Foley
Marched with Desmond from the hill.

Yes, and Ryan from the pork house,
Marched with that gallant lot
And many, many others,
That time has long forgot.

'Twas "The Lakes of Old Killarney"
That the band would play so sweet
When they finished up the grand parade
At the hall on Franklin Street.

As the years went by the band grew small
A resolution then was made,
Although it broke the members' hearts,
To abolish this parade.

One member rose upon the floor
In a loud voice they heard him say,
"There'll be one more grand street parade
On next St. Patrick's Day."

Now this is fact—not fiction,
When the great day came, they say,
One horseman in regalia gay
Made up that last parade.

No history tells of the I. A. B.'s
And the hall where they would meet
Is now a large apartment house
On lower Franklin Street.

ALL AROUND THE MARKET HOUSE

Into the empty market house
I strolled the other day,
For I heard it said, the market house
Would be soon torn away.

So I gazed up at the structure
Of the golden days gone by,
Drank of her old-world beauty
Long indeed, it held my eye.

I walked around the building
Hat in hand—my head was bare,
For there seemed some reverence due her,
That old temple on the square.

I thought how proud she once had been,
Like a regal queen so fair,
Surveying all the market place
Where people sold their ware.

But now she was a partial wreck.
And ravaged sad by time.
Yet, still a bold aristocrat,
You could see it in her line.

Then I leaned against a pillar
Of her ancient portico,
Said a prayer to Mazzuchelli
Who designed her long ago.

I told him how we needed help
To save this house today,
I also asked, if possible,
That he would find a way.

I sat upon the stone doorstep
And dreamed about the past,
Looked out upon her empty square
Where glory once she cast.

I could see the wagons, rigs and hacks
Lined up in perfect form,
With teams unhooked and put away
In nearby livery barn.

The tongues and shafts were pointed west
Ends resting on the ground,
How the double trees would rattle
With the children playing 'round.

I saw the heavy tables
Around the market curb,
They were loaded down with vegetables
And every kind of herb.

The Hucksters were a friendly lot
I could hear them laugh and joke
As they traded with the housewives
In their fancy basque and toque.

Ducks and geese were squawking,
Now and then a cock would crow,
A cow tied to a wagon-box
Would emit a lonesome low.

I saw fresh prints of butter
In moulds of wheat in sheaf,
Laid out upon the tables
Wrapped in a rhubarb leaf.

The little market master
Limping on his heavy lath,
Would collect the market charges
As about the square he'd pass.

At the southern end were melons
In wagons packed with hay,
They were first upon the market,
They arrived at break of day.

Then came Autumn and the apples,
Squash and pumpkins in the Fall,
And potatoes by the wagonload,
I dreamed about it all.

Though the market wasn't crowded,
Christmas Eve seemed much the best,
Beef sold then by the quarter,
Hogs were offered killed and dressed.

The townsfolk all seemed happy,
With chip baskets on their arm,
And exchanged a Merry Christmas
With the people of the farm.

I 'roused then from my reverie,
Seemed ages I'd been there.
Behind me stood the market house.
In front the lonesome square.

I left this place of memory
To her glory of the past
I said good-bye and Merry Christmas,
Perhaps it was her last.



CHRISTMAS IS A LOVELY TIME

The snow had just begun to fall,
‘Twas Winter all out doors,
When Grandpa took his daughter’s boys
To town to see the stores.

They were out to buy a Christmas gift
For the ones at home, you know,
And Grandpa wouldn’t tell, they said
Because he told them so.

So, holding tight to Grandpa’s hands,
It was a goodly sight,
With Johnnie trudging on the left,
And Timmie on the right.

“Grandpa, he knows all the stores,”
Then piped up little Tim
“I’ll bet you bought a lot of gifts
For Ma and Uncle Jim.”

“And Grandma, too,” said Johnnie boy,
“I heard my mother say
He bought that shining pin she wears
To Church on Christmas Day.”

Then Grandpa gazed about the block
At windows all aglow,
Bedecked with glistening tinsel,
And their artifical snow.

His thoughts ran back to boyhood days
And the stores he knew so well
When the walks were lined with merchandise
And the goods they had to sell.

“The stores have changed my little boys,”
Said Grandpa in deep thought,
“Since I’ve brought gifts for homefolks
The town has changed a lot.

The Electric Shop you just now passed
Was once a grocery store,
Where a high delivery wagon
Stood with driver at the door.

The old hotel was lit by gas,
And traveling men all sat
With feet cocked on the window sill
Behind the big plate glass.

A clothing store across the street,
Ed Greene's the man could say
How Ryan sold red underwear
The sweat shirts of early days.

This place my boys, said Grandpa
Where you see the toys so gran'
In my day was a tin shop,
Where we bought a pot or pan.

A large stove in the doorway
With its doors of isinglass,
Its fenders were of nickel plate
And its dome a ball of brass.

That pool hall there with its crowd of boys
Was once a dry goods store
With a fancy lift and a golden cage
You took to upper floor.

And that glowing sign with neon eyes
Was Mrs. Edward's shop.
The hats of all grand ladies
In the country, there were bought.

Across the street a sign once hung,
'Twas a watch in eagle claws,
'Twas there I bought your Grandma's ring
And that wrist watch of your Ma's.

The picture house and the store next door
Were stores sold cloaks and suits,
These stores were larger then, my boys,
Than any in Dubuque."

"But, Grandpa," said young Johnnie
"When do we buy our gifts?
We'll have to hurry 'fore the snow
Will start to pile in drifts."

"Don't mind the snow," the old man said
"There's things you both must see,
Where your Grandma bought the food and things
When she Christmas-shopped with me.

Now the block beyond was a housewife's dream
With six grocery stores so neat,
Moore's, Kelly's, Helm's and Cloran's
And two more across the street.

There ducks and geese and turkeys hung
Exposed in open air,
And barrels of apples, nuts and sweets
And everything was there.

The market, too, had loads of wood
With a butchered hog or beef,
Yes, perhaps a sack of walnuts
And a bunch of bittersweet."

"I can't see anything like that,
Now, Grandpa," spoke up Tim.
"When do we start to buy the gifts
For the folks and Uncle Jim?"

"Don't worry now," said Grandpa,
"We'll show the gifts to you
When we get into this drug store
Built in eighteen thirty two.

Yes, here's the place your Grandma
Bought her sage to stuff the bird.,
I think you'll find just what you want,
You can take your Grandpa's word."

Then starting back they picked up gifts
At stores along the line
As they heard their Grandpa murmur,
"Christmas is the lovely time."

SANTA CLAUS AND THE TRAPPER (Early Galena French Legend)

In a little hillside log built hut,
An old French trapper sat.
His musket stood behind his chair,
His dog slept on the mat.

'Twas Christmas Eve, the night was colc
The stars hung low and bright,
No sign of life for miles around,
The trapper's home that night.

Then all at once a noise was heard,
Like wind before a rain,
It rattled on the grass thatched roof,
It shook the window pane.

The dog woke up and sniffed and barked
And whined and pawed the floor,
The Frenchman grabbed his musket piece
And started for the door.

"Who is't? For what you want, I say?"
In French the trapper said,
"I'll let you in one cold niaht, yes,
You're welcome by de bed."

Outside the door, an answering voice
Spoke out in native French,
"My Bixon reindeer's throwed de shoe
And gib him leg de wrench."

Then opening wide the oak slab door,
The trapper gasped with fright.
For Santa Claus, the elf himself,
Stood there within the light.

"Oh Joachim boy, my brother, what!
I find you now by chance.
'Twas long, long time, I saw you last
On de sunny shores of France."

"Oh, Lewis dear, my brother Lou,
Of the family of LaCrosse.
We thought you drown way out to sea,
How come you Santa Claus?"

"We shipwrecked on the arctic shore,
The crew, dey all go drowned,
'Cept my partner, Pere and me,
We swim to island ground.

"On island dare lift funny men,
I tink you call 'em elf,
Dey make de toy for girl and boy,
And put dem on de shelf.

"This place der lift no great big mans,
Like partner Pere and me,
So dey turn us into little elf,
Just like I be, wee, wee.

"My turn it come be Santa Claus,
And drive the big reindeer,
But Bixon here, he hurt his foot,
That's how I come be here."

Then picking up the reindeer's foot,
They found it swollen red,
And embedded in the hoof was found
A shining piece of lead.

"He pick dat up," said Santa Claus,
"I heard him stub de toe,
When we were crossing Horseshoe Mound,
I maybe swing too low."

Then they bathed and bound the reindeer's foot
With rags and buffalo fat,
And to his brother, Santa gave
A red wool stocking cap.

Now Joachim and his brother elf,
Embraced as Frenchmen do.
They kissed each others ruddy cheek,
Perhaps a time or two.

Then Santa with his loaded sleigh
Sailed off beyond the earth,
And Joachim with his stocking cap,
Went back beside his hearth.

"Oh dis is one fine Christmas dey,"
Said the trapper to his hound.
"When Santa Claus, he found me lead
Upon de Horseshoe Mound."



THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

'Twas along in late October,
Back in eighteen eighty-eight;
There are those who still remember
And can call exact that date.

Cleveland held the White House,
Gained the chair in eighty-four
And the Democrats decided
To give him four years more.

The Republicans thought different
And great plans their party made,
To elect their leader Harrison
Against Cleveland and "free trade."

And back in old Galena
Where the Fevre river flows
All elections were important
As her early history shows.

Each party had processions
Each sent out an urgent call
To come to Old Galena
For their rallies in the fall.

These processions were a grand affair
With torches burning bright
Carried on the shoulders
Of men and boys at night.

Songs were sung of praise and hate
By each opposing gang,
And within and out the marching ranks,
Dish pans and cow bells rang.

From a warehouse on the levee
Where the torches were in store,
They started out those Autumn nights,
Five hundred men, or more.

Up Main street to old Broadway,
South on Bench street marched them all,
Where the party's noted speaker
Rent the air of Turner Hall.

The night of which this story tells
The Democrats held sway;
They had planned this big procession
For many a long day.

Throughout the county word was sent
To township leaders all,
To gather in Galena town
To answer to this call.

The committee on arrangements
With things at their command
Were all supplied with banners
And a torch for every man.

Music from a distant town
Would lead them in parade;
'Twas the finest band on record
For the price that they had paid.

A speaker from Chicago
Would tell them all that night
How the gallant Grover Cleveland
Always stood for people's right.

Early in the evening
Of that well-remembered day,
The proud staunch party members
Filled the river town, they say.

From Stockton came the Donahues,
The Creightons, Carrolls and Binz,
And the Irish from the Valley
Including all the Finns.

Came the Sullivans from Nora,
And the Daileys all from Warren,
Who picked up two Mahoneys
In the midst of picking corn.

Apple River sent the Murphys,
A Wolfram and a White
And took along all Democrats,
From Scales Mound in, that night.

And Ryan from Menominee
On his horse rode into town
With his neighbor bold Jim Sheridan
Who lived up near the Mound.

How the Furlongs and the Feehans,
And McGuires from the Hill
All galloped in with Kennedy;
Some talk about it still.

Shannon and McCormick,
And a noble gang from Rice,
With Jennings in the saddle
Swelled the old parade out nice.

The local men were all on foot
With blue capes I am told
And caps that bore the Cleveland name
In letters bright and gold.

Names we have small room to quote,
But just a scattered few
Of the varied nationalities,
Yet, pioneers so true.

Bermingham and Kelly,
Sheehan, Homrich, Day
Guggenheim, Knoebber, with
Scheerer, Kerz and May.

Strohmeyer, Kraus and Hodson,
O'Neil and Brown and Greene
Owen and Thode and Friesenecker,
Kempter, Whippo, Dean.

Cleary, Nack and Dillon,
Muchow, Jones and Gunn,
It seems a shame we haven't space
To name them, every one.

And so it stood that evening
Of that chill October day,
That this good band of Democrats
Were ready on their way.

Word wafted o'er that crowd of men
On this eventful night,
With the big parade about to start
There was no band in sight.

The train would be two hours late
That brought the city band;
How could they start the rally now
With music not at hand!

The drum corps was Republican,
And no effort would be made
To put spirit in the marching feet
Of a Democrate parade.

A blacksmith called John Grady
Was a good one on the fife.
The committee went to ask him
To relieve them of their plight.

Now Grady was an expert,
Had shod racers at Algiers;
But the fife he learned in Ireland
Back in his tender years.

A fife alone can do no good,
The committee, Grady told,
You must accompany it with drums
For a marching step to hold.

A little man named Kelly
Who owned a grocery store
Said, "Men, I'll steal two drummer boys
From the enemy's drum corps."

And sure enough two boys were had,
One Martin and a Greene
But Kelly paid a goodly price
To get that drummer team.

The parade at last got started
With Grady, Martin, Greene
Like the picture in the history book
I know you all have seen.

Behind the horsemen bold and strong,
The music sounded sweet,
And marching men with torches high
Kept beat along the street.

For a block or two all things went grand,
The drum beats came in right;
While Grady in professional way,
Tuned up the Irish fife.

Then all at once commotion rose,
The horses did a prance;
The marchers in the dusty street
All started in to dance!

The drums were heard, yet muffled now
For Grady with all might
Was playing lively jigs and reels
Upon that ancient fife.

From the sidewalks laughed Republicans
They all were tickled proud,
For they figured now the Democrats
Could never hold the crowd.

On went this great procession,
'Neath starry night that fall,
They pranced and danced and jigged their way
To the old stone Turner Hall.

The folks all jammed that meeting place,
It was crowded to the door.
The torch parade produced such fun
The people looked for more.

The rally was a great success,
The speaker spoke with force
And Grady was commended
By the Democrats, of course.

The drummer boys were heroes,
Praise was sounded wide and far;
'Twas said they felt like soldiers
Who just returned from war.

Poor Cleveland lost to Harrison,
As you all know to be true
But the Democrats put Grover back
In eighteen ninety-two.

* * * *

THE HIGH SCHOOL STEPS

I've trod these steps from day to day
I've slid down both her railings
I've pelted snow down Junior's necks
Oh yes, I had my failings

I've flirted on the old stone seats
Like kids since Earth's Creation
Yet with regret I leave these steps
To the rising generation.

WHERE GRANT AND LINCOLN ONCE HAVE WALKED

We've painted many pictures
Of this grand old mining town,
Of her glamour and her history
And her beauty all aroun'.

She's a history-making city
You will find as days go by,
And the makers of this history
Are the people—you and I.

I will picture here a busy spot
Take a look now, if you will,
At the cash and carry grocery
And the cafe beneath the hill.

And the lively little news stand
In the hotel across the way
Where Jenny Lind in concert sang
Back in another day.

Other towns have busy corners
Throughout the week 'twould seem
But there's none like Sunday morning
At the place called Main and Green.

Sunday morning in Galena,
The town wakes with a start
The people flock to Main and Green
'Tis the old town's busy mart.

Down the steps from old St. Michael's
Come the crowd from early Mass,
The honking cars will start and stop
To let the people pass.

From apartements up on Bench street
Come the housewives in a rush
For their milk and cream at Koemples
To accompany father's mush.

The porter's through his sweeping
The DeSoto's spick and span,
And he starts off 'cross the pavement
To Smith's for coffee an'.

The iceman with his sack of ice,
The milk man with his quarts,
Are hurrying to lay down their goods,
Before the big rush starts.

The policeman on the corner,
If you're close you'll hear him jaw
At the driver from Wisconsin
Disregarding the traffic law.

The children with Pa's paper
Are loathe to start for home,
Before they spend that nickel
For a choclate ice cream cone.

A stranger at the street curb
Asks two recent army vets,
What year they built the High school,
And did they ever count the steps?

Ray and Mary in the news stand
Pass out papers to the throng.
Mary looks the marked ones over
For fear one might be wrong.

The two girls, Carol and Marion,
Handle all the high school gang
As they call each other "Squirts and Jerks"
And converse in junior slang.

The people fill the counter "S"
At Smith's across the way
Where once has stood a dance hall,
Old timers used to say.

The charming waitress, Melda,
With a sweet smile on her face
Knows how to deal with senior "quirks"
And puts them in their place.

And Margie too, can hold her own
She knows them all by name,
Takes care of all that noisy bunch
And treats them all the same.

The crowd consists of townsfolks
—Man and woman, boy and girl,
With bachelors from their rooming house
Make up the merry whirl.

Now a farmer and a soldier
And a WAC back from the West,
—A miner and a sailor
Will account for all the rest.

"Wheat cakes, eggs and coffee,"
You hear 'The Smiler' say,
As Crosby from the juke box
Croons out the Santa Fe.

From DeSoto comes the gallant Mac
With a bud in his lapel,
And a word for all the ladies
And a wish that they are well.

'Tis then that George the tailor,
Gets his rubbers and his cane
And starts out for his breakfast
Across that busy main.

And David's dog called "Dusky"
Sits at the restaurant door,
But every time he enters in
Reg puts him out once more.

Take a walk out on the corner
And if the day is fair,
You'll learn how to run this country
From the fellows standing there.

Then comes our old friend "Bobo"
From his home in railroad land,
Shaking hands with all the people,
Using gestures really grand.

McMullen from the old East Side,
With his fur cap pulled down tight,
Will bring you Johnnie Gunn's report
Of the temperature last night.

At the hotel door stand John and Vic
With Wallie and Jack Wrenn,
As Burt tells Nick and Butler
Of the good old days back when.

An artist with her easel
Starts out for the day,
She buys a pack of cigarettes
To smoke along the way.

Andy, in his shirt sleeves,
Directs a tourist from the door
To Gen. Grant's old leather shop
Where Coatsworth has his store.

Near Luella's sits Bun Sheean
On the bumper of a car—
He is talking to a soldier boy
Who's just returned from war.

From an idling car a voice is heard
Above the motor's roar—
"Don't forget a loaf of bread
From the C. C. Grocery store."

The eastern bus arrives and stops,
Unloads and picks up fare,
And within a few short moments
The busy streets are bare.

What's wrong now with this picture?
Oh yes, I'm sure you know,
It's the fountain on the corner
Where the water used to flow.

Though we have the finest water,
The state leads us to think,
On our own old crooked Main street
There is not a drop to drink.

Now this famous little corner,
Where Grant and Lincoln one were seen,
Returns again to normal life
At Main street just off Green.

The one who drew this picture
Can claim no poet's wreath.
You will find him in the book store
With a pipe between his teeth.

And to every mother's daughter,
And to every father's son,
I dedicate this passing scene,
For I love them—every one.

THE SWEETHEARTS OF '49

Hurrying along with a brand new look,
A zipper case and a science book.
With a dab at her nose to remove the shine,
Comes the high school girl of '49.

She has all the assurance her grandma lacked,
But the selfsame books the good dame packed.
While those before, wore blouse and skirt,
The 'Grad today wears slacks and shirt.

With a smile and "hi" to young and old,
A few years back they'd call that bold.
With her red bill fold and bag so nift—
Grandma's purse was her handkerchief.

The bill fold holds some seven snaps,
Of Jack and Jim and Butch, perhaps.
But Grandma's friend of the opposite sex,
Was enclosed in a locket about her neck.

This grad today is never broke,
She treats her gang to cherry coke.
With a coin she makes the jute box ring.
And raves about the voice of Bing.

Now Grandma's treat was once a week,
In the drug store's cushioned corner seat.
And the music she had at command,
Was a Mrs. Jackson—Upright Grand.

Pet names she has for all her rank,
Cork and Pooch and Pat and Hank.
But Grandma's friends had nick names too,
And I think you'll say that this is true.

But she's just as sweet, this girl I'll say,
As her old folks of the early day.
She's full of joy and youth and pep,
As she climbs each steep and crumbling step.

She might be dark or light or fair,
She may have red or auburn hair.
But to me she is an angel rare,
Climbing up the golden stair.

Now to this girl with the brand new look—
Please paste this in your old scrap book.
For I dedicate these humble lines,
To the Graduate of '49.



THE CALL

There's a longing and a calling,
If you are a native son;
There's a lure that is insisting,
And some day, you're bound to come.

You'll come back to old Galena,
Yea, no matter where you stray;
You'll come back to view her hillsides,
If it's only for a day.

Wealth untold, you may have gathered,
Yes, and tasted fame renowned;
But you'll never crush the longing
For that quaint old river town.

How that voice keeps calling, calling!
For it knows some day you'll come;
'Tis a heritage of childhood,
So pronounced in every son.

Yes, you may have once condemned it,
On the day before you went,
And you criticized all leaders
Of the city's government.

And to Hell, you may have cussed it,
—Called its civic spirit lack.
But time will drown that feeling,
When you're longing to come back.

And, again you'll want to saunter
Out upon old Prospect Hill,
And look down upon the river,
Just a creek remaining still.

You will want to climb Shot Tower,
And the rocks of Horse Shoe Mound;
There you'll want to gaze and dream again,
Of that old mining town.

You'll want to walk up Spring and Gear
And South Street, too, I know,
And cross again the railroad bridge,
And enter Shirt Tail Row.

Then starting from the levee,
You'll want to stroll some day,
Along that crooked Main Street
From the levee to Broadway.

This calling back is yours by birth,
It's a voice you cannot still;
To the sons of old Galena,
It's a call from mystic hill.

Should it be God's will to call you
'Ere this visit you can pay,
You'll be buried on her hillside,
If, by chance, you've had your way.



TESTIMONIALS

(Excerpts from letters received from readers of "Lore of Old Galena")

Mr. Thomas J. McCarthy
19 South Main Street
Galena, Illinois
Dear Mr. McCarthy,

I enjoyed your new book. As you put it, not all the verses are "gems of poetry." But who can read of the McPort rescue, the Drowning of the Dance Hall Girl, or the curse that sapped the once great La Fevre without a sense of the American Heritage that more conventional history cannot convey? Sucker holes, anchors, muck sticks, and glims conjure up the shades of our lead miners. The Devil's whipping of Sam Haynes, the story of Johnnie McQuade, torchlight parades with Irish jigs—golly, that's rich Americana. When do you get out your next one?

Regards,

Clifford L. Lord
Director of State Historical
Society, State of Wisconsin

Dear Mr. McCarthy,

Away up in the extreme Northwest corner of Illinois nestled among the quiet hills left undisturbed by the glacier that leveled much of the surrounding territory lies the city of Galena,—quaint, charming, with its narrow winding streets, its steep, rugged hills, and its old historic homes filled with precious antiques and valuable heirlooms. Out from his city marched Ulysses S. Grant with his troop of volunteers to win the Civil War. Here one can see the home where he lived, the leather tote where he worked, the grounds where he trained his men. To walk the streets of his city is to turn time back one hundred years and to taste again the glory that was old Galena, with its rich treasure trove of stories and characters. Tom McCarthy has caught this atmosphere in his little book of rhymes phrased in a nostalgic mood that breathes the mustiness of yesterday. To read his book is to learn to love and to appreciate our town. More than ever the lure of old Galena will be yours when you have finished the "Lore of Old Galena."

Sincerely,

Rev. John Hodgson
Pastor First Presbyterian
Church, Galena, Illinois

Dear Mr. McCarthy,

We who appreciate our great heritage, rejoice that you have published a second book of rhymes dealing with the history and traditions of our interesting city. It will help supply the seemingly insatiable demand of our thousands of tourists for such material as well as delight the home folks. Thanks, Tom McCarthy for this invaluable volume.

Myrtle R. (Mrs. H. L.) Heer
President of Galena Historical
Society, Galena, Illinois

Mr. Thomas J. McCarthy
219 South Main Street
Galena, Illinois

Dear Mr. McCarthy,

Permit me to congratulate you on the new and enlarged edition of your *LORE OF OLD GALENA*. The reading of it brought back happy memories of incidents of Galena's past which I have learned in searching the record and visiting with some of the older people over the years.

Galena is certainly one of our most historic points here in the old Northwest and its story should be preserved. The professional historians have done, and will continue to do, their part but, just as the charm and beauty of the medieval cathedrals was the product not of imported professional artisans but of the love and reverence of local talent, so, I have always felt, local history is best told by those whose interest is such as yours.

I am sure this book will be gratefully received by all who are interested in Galena and the history of the American frontier.

With kindest regards, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Sylvester D. Luby
Chairman, Department of History
Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa



Dear Mr. McCarthy,

I liked your very frank little poem entitled "Introduction." To me it is not a question of whether it is a gem of poetry. The value in your "Lore of Old Galena" is the fine picture you draw of the historic places and events in Galena's history. I liked especially the one you did on the Market House and equally well the one on the DeSoto Hotel.

Sincerely,

Harry E. Pratt
State Historian, Illinois
State Historical Library

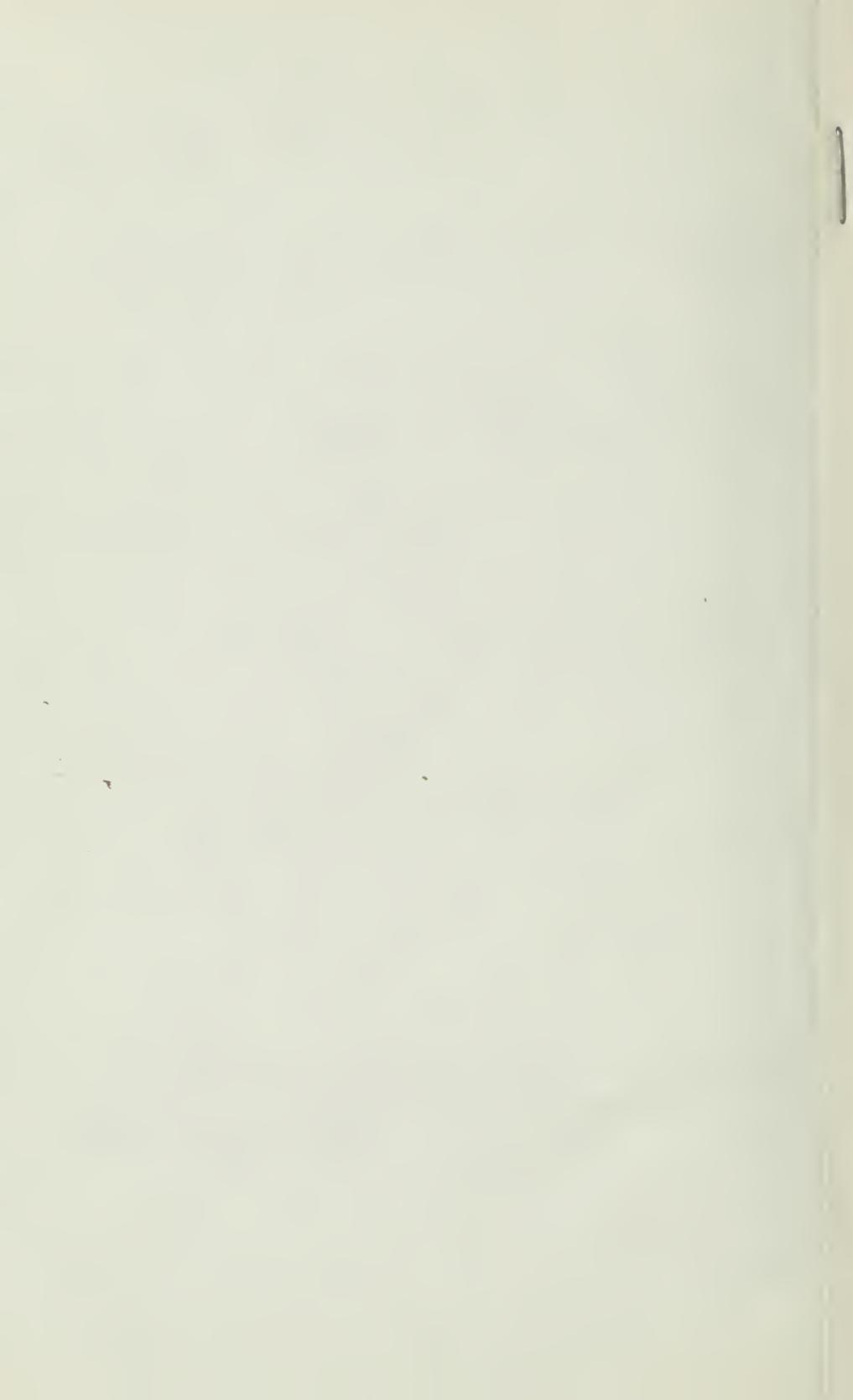


Dear Mr. McCarthy,

The poems in the "Lore of Old Galena" contain the genuine river flavor so characteristic of old Galena itself that even though the steamboats and the river have faded from the scene, their presence is retained in this unique volume.

Sincerely yours,

Capt. Roy L. Barkhau
News Editor, The
Waterways Journal
St. Louis, Mo.



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